

*The Historie*

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,  
Which being sealed enterchangeably,  
(A businesse that this night may execute:)  
To morrow, coosen Percy, you and I,  
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed vs, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his helpe these fourteene daies:  
Within that space, you may haue drawn together  
Your tenants, friends, & neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,  
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,  
From whom you now must steale, & take no leaue,  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

*Hot.* Me thinks, my moiety North frō Burton here,  
In quantitie equals not one of yours:

See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out:  
He haue the currant in this place damnd vp,  
And here the sing and siluer Trent shall run  
In a new channell, faire and euenly,  
It shall not wind, with such a deepe indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

*Glen.* Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

*Mor.* Yea, but marke, how he beares his course, and runs me  
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed  
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this Northside, win this cape of land,  
And then he runs straight, and euen.

*Hot.* He haue it so, a little charge will doe it.

*Glen.* He not haue it alred.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*of Henry*

*Gl.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not vnderstand

*Glen.* I can speake English, I  
For, I was traind vp in the Eng  
Where, being but yong, I fram  
Many an English ditty, louely w  
And gaue the tongue a helpesful  
A vertue, that was neuer scene:

*Hot.* Marry, and I am glad of it  
I had rather be a kitten and cry  
Then one of these same miter b  
I had rather heare a brasen canst  
Or a drie wheele grate on the ax  
And that would set my teeth nor  
Nothing so much as musing Po  
T'is like the fore't gate of a shuff

*Glen.* Come, you shall haue T

*Hot.* I do not care, ile giue thri  
To any well deseruing friend:  
But in the way of bargaine, mar  
He cauill on the ninth part of a h  
Are the Indentures drawne? sha

*Glen.* The Moone shines faire  
He haste the writer, and withall,  
Breake with your wiues, of your  
I am afraid my daughter will run  
So much she doteth on her Mort

*Mor.* Fie, coosen Percy, how yo

*Hot.* I cannot chuse, sometime  
With telling me of the Moldwa  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his p  
And, of a Dragon and a finlesse  
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moul  
A couching Lyon, and a rampin  
And such a deale of skimble ska  
As puts me from my faith. I tell y  
He held me last night, at least, n  
In reckoning vp the seuerall diac